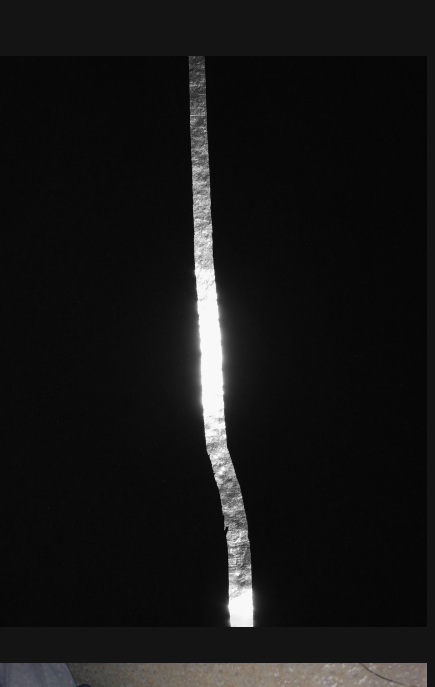
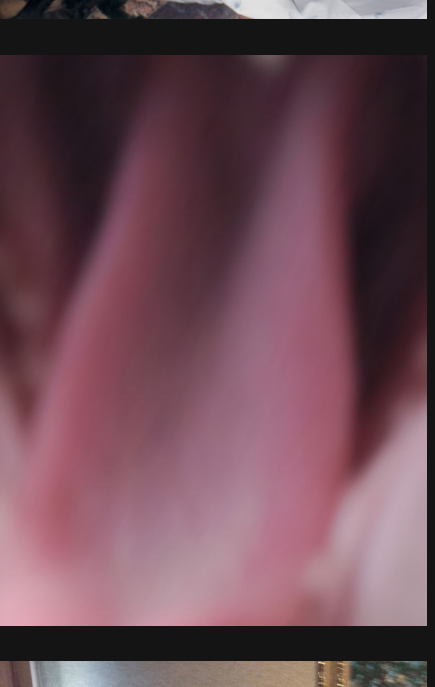
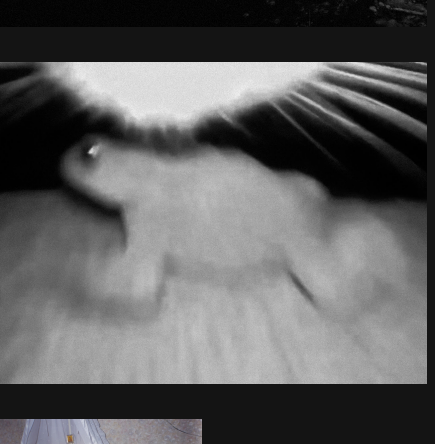
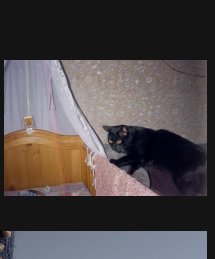
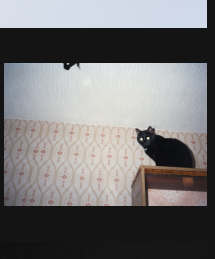
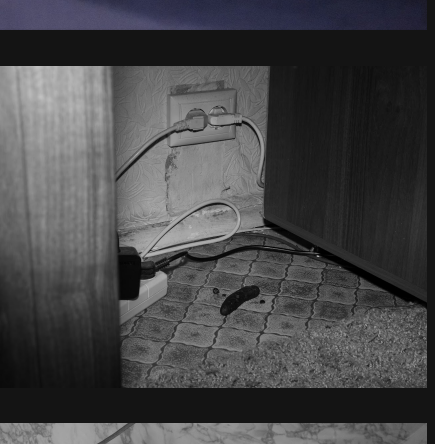
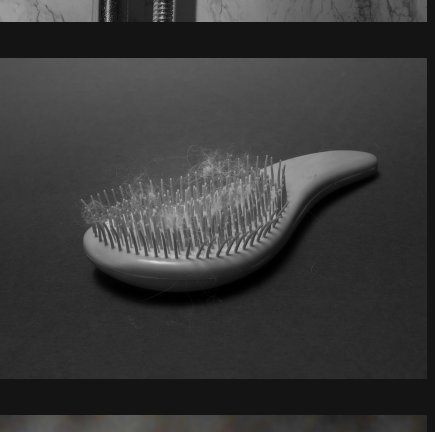
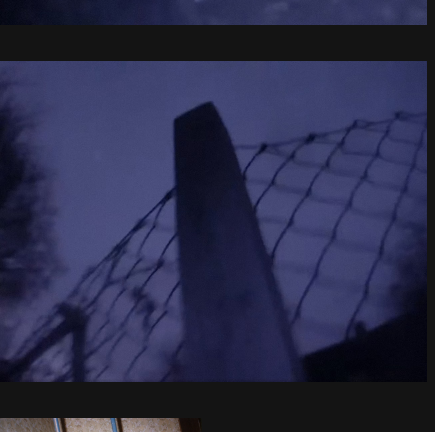
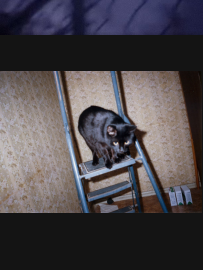
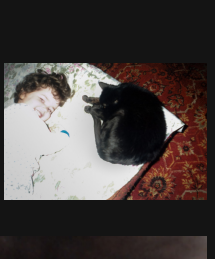
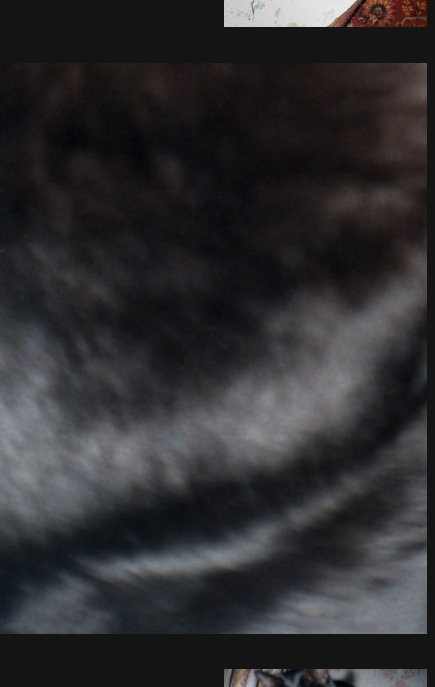
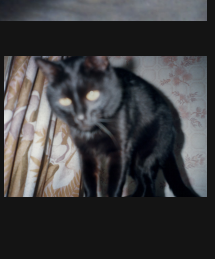
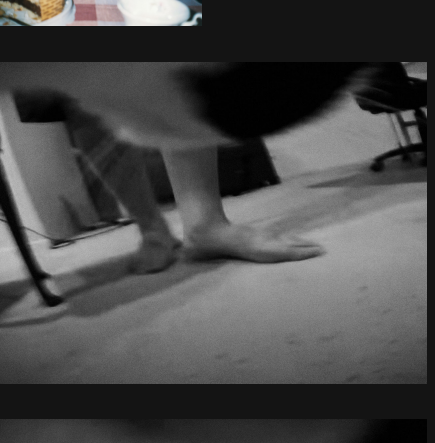
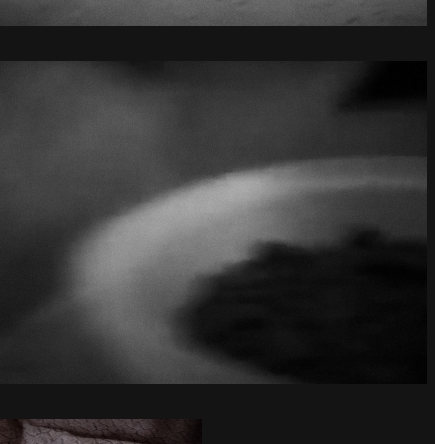
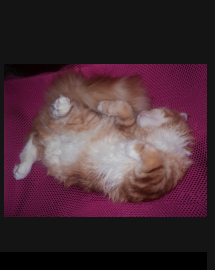
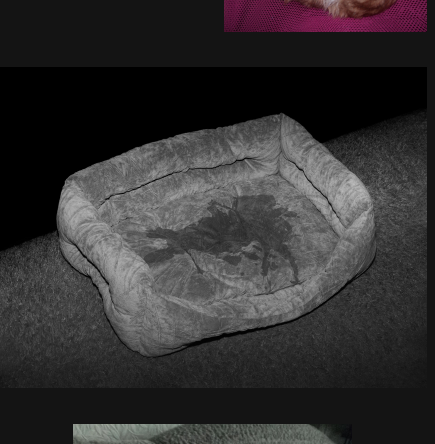
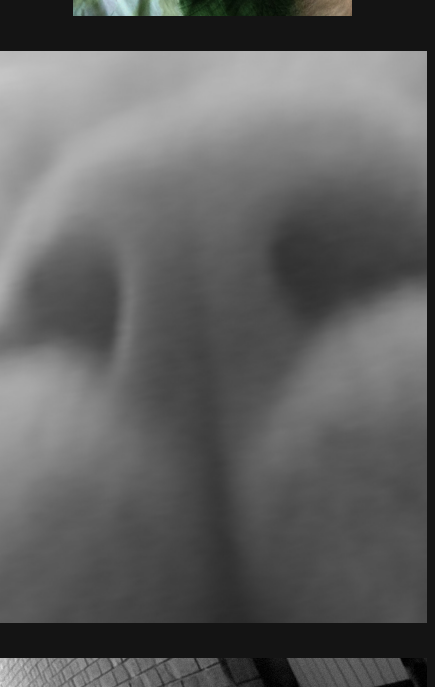
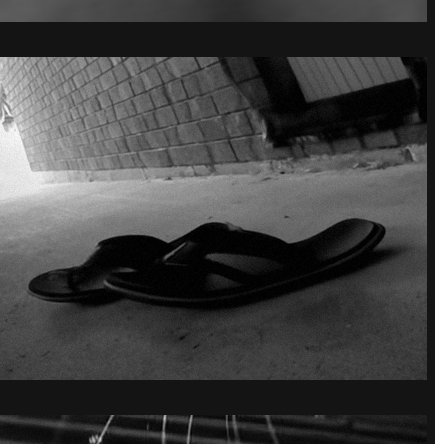
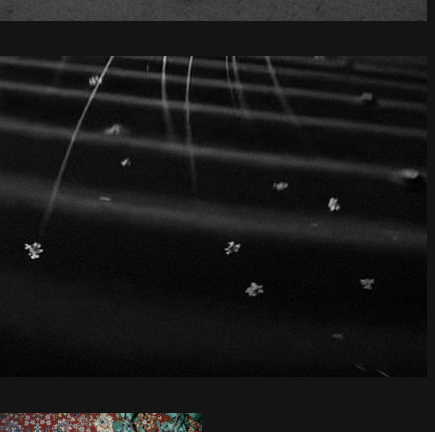
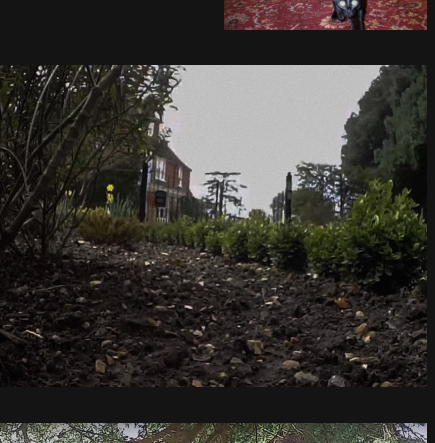
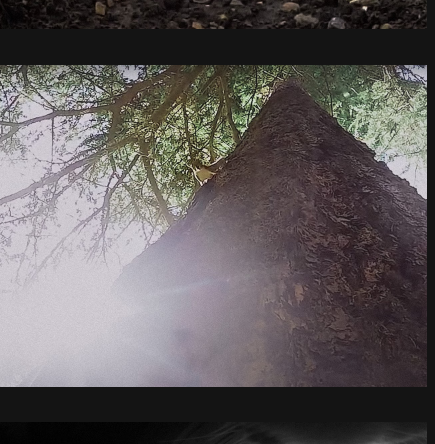
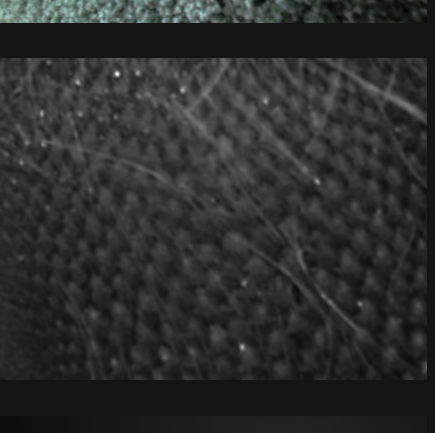
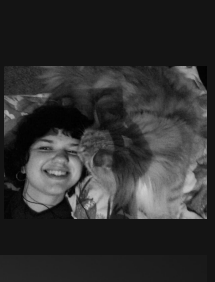
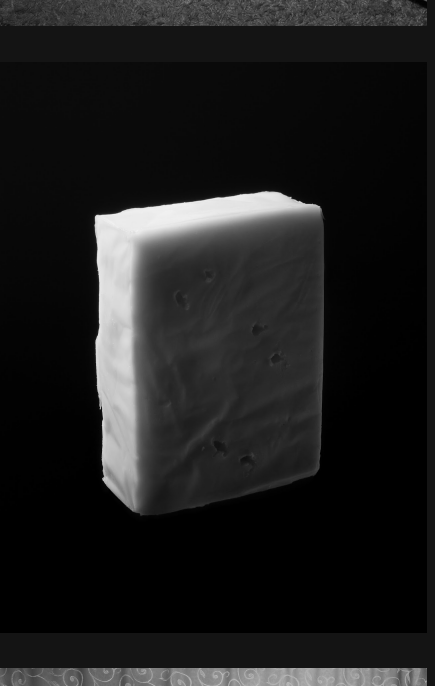
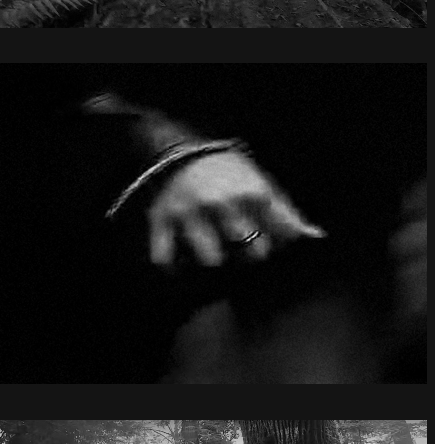
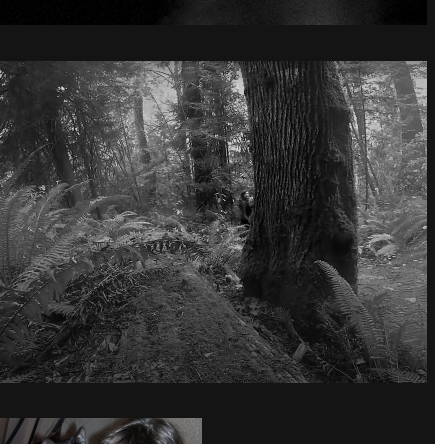
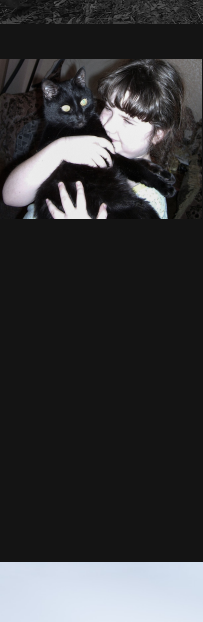
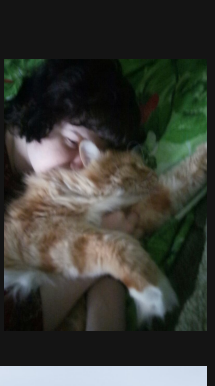
# My Nonhuman Friends

"...the little turtle gazed longingly with her black, tender eyes at the lying man. What was in her mind now? Perhaps a magical thought of curiosity about a mysterious giant man, perhaps the sadness of a dormant mind."

Andrey Platonov, "Soul".

Since birth, I have always been surrounded by cats. The first being who became interested in me after I was discharged from the hospital was a cat. He stood on the bed and stared at me like a Platonov's turtle. He had never seen a human child before. Fortunately, he liked me. I had been under his watchful eye ever since. At the same time, my friendship with cats began.

A year ago, I lost a close feline friend. This event made me immerse myself in the memories of cats and reflect on their impact on me and my life.

In this series, I turn to archival photographs of my nonhuman friends, some of which I magnify greatly and try to look at and recall the smallest details in a catlike, far-sighted way. I create still lifes with objects that remember the touches and smell of my friends. I also take screenshots of camera footage attached to cats' collars to get an idea of how they saw the world.